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# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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### PAST AND PRESENT.

In the smiling land where the Tiber flows
  On its winding way from the mountains down,
The sun of a far-off day arose
  On a seven-hilled city of past renown.

It shone on pillar and tower and arch,
  On church and temple and statue fair,
On a mob of black-robed priests who march
  To a chosen spot in a public square.

It sees the man they have brought and bound,
  It sees them driving the martyr's stake,
And while they are piling the fagots round
  Their curses and maledictions break.

We look, and the cowled and howling crowd
  Of Roman ruffians and Romish priests
Scowl dark on their victim, angry-browed,
  With the brutal passions of savage beasts.

No friend is present to take his part,
  Nor venture the protest of groan or sob,
Save that some woman of tender heart
  Weeps low at the outskirts of the mob.

The hands of assassins have lit the fire,
  But the martyr, erect, unawed, unbowed,
Looks out from the smoke of his funeral pyre
  Serene as the stars look through a cloud.

The deed is done, and the crowds disperse,
  And Bruno, the noble, once more is free,
For the waves of the Tiber, a somber hearse,
  Flow down with his ashes toward the sea.

Ah, this was Rome when the church had power,
  And owned the soil that the patriot trod;
This was the bloom of the papal flower—
  Yea, this was Italy under God.

But the sun shines still, round goes the world,
  And another era has dawned on Rome;
The vicar of Christ from the throne is hurled,
  And the land of the popes is the free man's home.

On the spot where Bruno died that day
  A marble statue confronts the eye,
While the priests in their cloister curse or pray,
  And bemoan the worth of a time gone by.

And Italy's sons, while the Tiber flows,
  Will guard that statue from break or fall,
And Bruno's lovers shall fame disclose,
  As the noblest Roman among them all.

Ah, this is Italy, free at last
  From the curse of the sacredotal clan;
Undoing the crimes of a brutal past,
  Lo, this is Italy under Man.

—*George E. Macdonald.*

All extremes cure themselves, for, when matters get pushed to a point where the balance of things is in danger of being disturbed, a reformer appears and utters his stentorian protest.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

### The Industrial Goal.

The following paragraphs are taken from "The Economics of Anarchy," by Dyer D. Lum. As a rule, we do not occupy much space with the discussion of Anarchism, Socialism, or any other economic or industrial theory. But as Anarchism is so much maligned, misrepresented and misunderstood at present, we think it well to call the attentionof our readers to the works of the qualified exponents of that social theory. In Mr. Lum's pamphlet the chapter titles are: Fundamental Principles; Free Land; Free Labor; Free Capital; Free Exchange; Mutual Credit; Emancipation of Credit; Industrial Economics; Insurance or Security; Digression on Methods. L. H.

The history of nations shows us that enforced "law and order" has prevailed largest where there existed similarity of interests. The irruption of the barbarians into Europe destroyed the unity Rome had so laboriously established by causing diversity of aims between conquering and conquered peoples. Such countries as England and France attained partial equilibrium long before Spain, with its mixture of Basque, Celtic, Gothic, Moorish and Jewish subjects, and in whom both religion and natural traits kept alive diversity, which while the result of militancy became the cause of its continuance to preserve the conquerors amid warring factions. Where interests were so diametrically opposite and each seeking vantage ground, where the strong hand could alone preserve the semblance of order by the subordination of all individual interests to those of the State, peace—the condition of industrial progress—could not obtain. Fusion by conquest could not obliterate distinctive characteristics founded in race. Might could silence, but not eradicate them. Discontent might not find expression, but the embers were kept smoldering beneath the ashes.

In the present form of society we find diversity, but of classes rather than of races. While we have no State-created class of priests nor nobles, while all men are theoretically declared "equal before the law," we see unmistakable evidence of radical diversity of interests leading to internecine strife, a diversity that manifests itself in countless ways provoking discord and struggle. This strife is no longer either religious or political in its nature; those issues are of the past, our records report no Praise-God-Barebones' parliaments nor constitution-maker Sieyes' conventions; those issues were long since threshed. The contest of the present is industrial, and it behooves every thoughtful person to seek out the cause and ponder over the character of the remedies so freely advertised for its cure. Progress requires diversity, but order can never result save as

adapted to, not checking, progress. "Progress and Order," rather than "Law and Order," is the demand of the industrial type of civilization.

Reliance upon militant measures, trying to curb industrial discontent by legislative coercion, is reactionary in character. However disguised in twilight mixtures, it is the spirit of the old regime seeking to dominate the new; as vain as seeking to check an exhaustless flow of water by damming the stream. The remedy cannot lie in enactments, in the organization of systems, in return to simplicity of structure, for industrial civilization demands plasticity of forms, which "the law of equal freedom" alone gives, while organization, on the other hand, ever tends to rigidity. As in the physiological realm hybridity ever characterizes unlike organisms, so in sociology no successful progeny has ever resulted from compulsory intermingling of diverse classes; but where, as in sociology, the diverse classes are such because of chartered privileges, involving correlative restrictions, abolition can alone prove remedial. The sacerdotal and noble classes were destroyed as ruling classes, but today they stand behind the burgher class, animating it with their inherited antagonism to plebeian interests. When Caesar conquered Greece, he subjugated Olympus, and the gods now measure tape behind counters with Christian decorum. It is useless to seek to domesticate conquered classes for reproductive purposes; it is only in their extinction, the equalization of opportunities, by which divers classes cease to exist, that relief can come. Privilege, though not symbolized by tiara and crown, still survives and is the soul of the prevailing economic system, a new incarnation of the ancient fetich. Hence the present contest.

Industrialism means the direction of human activities to conquest over nature, and only by the complete eradication of the militant theorem can the ideal ever become real. From compulsion, artifically induced, to voluntary co-operation, naturally evolved, the star of progress leads, and no method of reform embodying any of the elements of the first will answer the end, for in so far as it does it contains the seeds which lead to fixity and choke plasticity. It is not by looking backward to regimentation, but forward to free contract, that the goal will be seen. Whether it be a Bismarck granting State pensions to aged workmen, France and England extending collective control over industrial activities, twilight schemes for instituting liberty by shifting tax burdens, or an appeal to a count of noses by which political alchemy will transform diffused ignorance into concrete wisdom, it is ever putting new wine into old bottles, an attempt to retard day by organizing morning twilight as a permanent condition for ever-varying needs. Voluntary co-operation needs no "direction"; self-interest alone will determine its rise and adaptation, for where the social demand is the supply then must follow. No matter how "advanced" a project may be vaunted to be, in so far as it incorporates militant direction, denies individual secession, forbids ignoring the State, be it of what form it may, just so far is such project looking backward when tested by the law of progress, and consequently in disagreement with the requirements of the future. Free contract (once declared utopian in all relations) either is or is not the ideal of industrial civilization. If it is, there can be no permanent halting place between these antagonistic lines, notwithstanding metaphysical doctors attempt it in Single Tax and Nationalism. Statecraft may dictate the straddling policy of Ensign Stebbins, who announced that he was "in favor of prohibition, but agin' its enforcement"; or priestcraft direct attention from present ills by preaching resignation coupled with post obit drafts on the Bank of New Jerusalem; but the social student should ever keep his gaze on the ideal end, and with voice and pen advocate such measures only as will not only tend thitherward, but which will remove rather than preserve obstructions. Neither in plethoric nor emasculated tariffs, prohibition, inspection of factories, mines, ships, houses, bakeries, and markets; not in compulsory education nor vaccination, use of ballot prayer-mills, etc., lies the remedy. These and countless others are but makeshifts to reconcile the new with the old, twilight propositions of those whose eyes do not perceive the beauties daylight alone can fully reveal. They are based on the retained superstition that State authority has no assignable limit, and, demanding for it blind faith, it is a survival of past forms of thought, a diluted phase but lineal descendant of the old dogma that "the king can do no wrong," and involving the fiction of "divine right" in the maxim "vox populi, vox dei," spread out to cover half the whole plus one! Power no more resides in a definite number than in one, and all alleged "reforms" based upon this superstition derive their weapons from the armories of militancy, from the Bismarckian right wing down to the collectivist left wing of Tax-shifters and Nationalists.

* * *

So far we have endeavored to show that the course of progress in social affairs is from the militant type to the industrial, from regnant authority to individual sovereignty, from compulsion to voluntary agreement, from fixity to plasticity. If this be the goal, and this is the foundation stone of Anarchy, we must ascertain why obstacles meet us at every turn, why the law of equal freedom is inoperative, why abstract equity is summoned to give way to concrete privilege, in what forms militant measures still reign. We must seek where privilege still lingers entrenched, in what their correlative restrictions consist, and how they promote discord requiring the exercise of arbitrary force to preserve things as they are and thus subordinate progress to uniformity. We should always seek to first determine what is equitable, then the nature of the difficulties to be overcome, and the desirability rather than the feasibility of attaining such ends. The "practical man" is not the temporary adjustor of relations on false bases. When demands are aligned with progressive development, when ideas are based upon fundamental principles of social rectitude, we may well leave fears of their application to the time-saving crowd whose vision cannot penetrate the twilight. If history shows that in all social evolution ideas have ever worked down from the brain of the thinker to the muscles of the restricted, if the John Browns have always followed the Garrisons, shall we denounce the ideas or the obstacles which prevented their application? Or favor the ideas and be "agin" their realization? Let us consider what these obstacles are. And here we are brought to the consideration of Economics, which dominates the thought of the century and determines the nature of all systems, of all laws, of all institutions.

### Superior to Fate.

I have, like other people, I suppose, made many resolutions that I have broken or only half kept; but the one which I send you, and which was in my mind long before it took the form of a resolution, is the key-note of my life. It is this—always to regard as mere impertinences of fate the handicaps which were upon my life almost at the beginning. I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul, but rather be made to "blossom, like Aaron's rod, with flowers."—*Helen Keller.*

DIVISION OF SECESSIONS
JUN 21 1943
RECEIVED

## From My Point of View.

BY LILL'AN HARMAN.

"The king is dead, long live the king!" Such has been the cry times without number, and on innumerable occasions will it be re-echoed. Men die; but the king, the president, never dies. Only a man crazed by sectionalism, as Booth; by religious mania, as Guiteau; by a mis-called "Anarchism," as Czolgosz, —would dream for a moment that in striking down the official head he could materially change the conditions of the government. If one-half the presidents and kings were assassinated, still would there be found men eager to take their places, unterrified by the fear of death. Every day thousands of men are placing themselves in positions hazardous to their lives—often for a mere pittance. What folly, then, to expect the fear of death to deter men from becoming rulers of great nations! And it is equal folly to expect to frighten would-be assassins with the certainty of death in any form—even by torture. All such assassins have suffered death or worse than death, and doubtless at the time of committing the act were in a suicidal as well as murderous frenzy.

* * *

It is probable that very few, if any, of the people who are hysterically shrieking against "Anarchy" have even the faintest conception of what Anarchy really is. The confused conception in their maddened minds is that an Anarchist is one who wishes a sudden overthrow of all present institutions; that he goes abroad, raving, with dynamite bomb and revolver, to kill all who do not agree with him. Much that I read in the newspapers now-a-days, brings back a recollection of my childhood.

I was born a few years after the close of the war, and in my early childhood naturally heard a great deal about it, and particularly about the question of slavery, both my father's and mother's families having been strong abolitionists. More plainly than the cartoons of yesterday, in memory I can still see one which I studied closely when a child.

The picture showed the bare interior of a negro's cabin before the war. A fat black "mammy" is seated, holding by the arm a terrified, half-naked little "pickaninny," whose rolling eyes seem ready to start from his head in fear, as she says: "Now, den, Julius, ef yer aint a good little nigger, mudder'll call de big old Bobolitionist and let him run away wid yer!"

## A Touch of Nature, Again.

The class in Pedagogy at the Boulder Chautauqua is assembled, note books in hand. Intelligent teachers, one or two hundred of them, including students of human nature past the half century mark,—ministers, artists, workers in divers intellectual lines. "Darwin" is the subject under discussion by a noted educator, and the development of mental faculties in the blind and deaf (consequently dumb) are clearly set forth. Pencils are busy; fans wave gently; the mountain breeze blows softly through, and the restful pines are in full view from th windows, climbing, climbing to the sky.

"O yes," says the genial doctor; "there are many fine minds among these unfortunates, and a few have been developed to an extraordinary degree. And sometimes, (a tender note in his voice) they love one another—but—they ought not to be allowed to marry."

"Why can they not marry?" ventures a gray-haired woman who eagerly listens.

"Why?" says the doctor, "the interests of society"—

"How can their marriage harm society?" pursues the steady voice.

"Why"—the speaker turns toward the enquirer—"the children, you know"—

The clear voice answers earnestly, "They can marry without propagating."

"Eh?" (as if he said, Do I hear aright?) The doctor advances a step; in his right hand his eyeglasses suspended before his brow—in his left, his references—his massive jaw drops—

"Well," he exclaims "if you know how——" a pause, the rotund form turns aside slightly bent, the few type-written pages in the left hand are held before the face while a perceptible tremor of laughter crosses the broad shoulders. Other shoulders move mirthfully, irresistibly, pencils are suspended, fans raised, while a few necks are craned in the direction of the voice. The gray-haired woman sits cool and composed.

All is over in a moment. A voice comes from the back of the hall by the stairs, "Doctor, I think we ought to go on with the lesson. We are wasting precious time—our hour is nearly out." It is the well-modulated voice of another professor—member of the faculty of another college, and her hour comes next. The honorable president, recovering, resumes the answers to the questions on his paper, the breeze rises playfully, and though the recognition of a touch of nature is still betrayed by bent heads and quivering shoulders, and though the half question wrung from him in surprise is received in silence, there will be research,—and souls go marching on.

"You ought to have been pitched out the window," says the woman professor next day; "and the doctor after you!"

And yet she believes in the nude in art!

Fort Collins, Colo. ALBINA L. WASHBURN.

The true incident noted, of the Boulder Chautauqua serves again to point a moral in the direction of sex-education. If by accident it is touched upon in an educative assembly, at once there is abundant proof that none are ready to consider it seriously or to admit its claims among other studies. Instead of this the experienced see only a good joke, while the inexperienced find but horrible indelicacy and cause for blushes and anger. And yet a large proportion of these same people will in private conversation admit their ignorance of this confessedly all-important study and their own cowardice induced by false teachings.

Said a teacher to me, "I have sought everywhere for these facts, yet whatever I read seems always to stop short of the things I want to know—just the *truth* about the human body."

I sought the learned doctor's family tent to loan him "Karezza" but it was deserted; he had gone to fill other engagements in the city. A. L. W.

## If Love Abide.

If love abide, misfortune may
Upon us heavy burdens lay,
  Yet, we, dear heart, shall bravely share
  The suffering, the toil and care,
Nor vainly adverse fate inveigh.

The skies may turn to threatening gray,
Glad song and laughter die away,
Yet we shall not for long despair, If love abide.

Capricious fortune may betray,
And friends forsake us day by day;
  Yet, even so, life may seem unfair—
  'Twill not be marred beyond repair,
Nor will all joy be dead for aye, If love abide.

—*Margaret Manning.*


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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

LUCIFEROUS—Giving Light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same.*

LUCIFIC—Producing Light.—*Same.*

LUCIFORM—Having the form of Light.—*Same.*

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

## 884.

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## Meaning of the Pageant.

Since our last Lucifer went to press the greatest funeral pageant ever seen in this country, if not the greatest ever known in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, has come and gone. Besides the public demonstrations of grief the private or household tributes of affection and honor for the dead President were such as were never heard of before.

Without attempting a description of these public and private tributes to the memory of the late William McKinley I wish rather to briefly consider the ethical meaning, the political import, of these phenomenal, these wholly unprecedented demonstrations. To sum the matter up in one short phrase, the public and private tributes of respect, of honor and affection paid to the memory the departed ruler, mean first and chiefly—

THE TRIUMPH OF IMPERIALISM!

Admitting for the argument that William McKinley was a model man in all the relations of life—as citizen, as husband, as father, as friend, as lawyer or member of any other profession or vocation, it must be admitted that such honors were quite out of place in a land of so-called republican simplicity and equality.

Neither could all this phenomenal demonstration have been caused by the fact that McKinley was the REPRESENTATIVE of eighty millions of free and independent people, since, as representing others, he could expect no greater honor than the individual persons he is supposed to represent. If he was a representative American citizen his funeral should have been in accord with that idea, which, as I understand it, means the ABSENCE of, the negation of, the pomp and display commonly associated with the monarchies and aristocracies of the old world.

What then? Simply that we are forced to the conclusion that these funeral honors typify and symbolize the changed American ideals. Honors paid to McKinley are not honors paid to the man, the citizen, or the representative of Republicanism—in its true meaning, that of a COMMONWEALTH in which all are equal—but honors paid to the chief IDEA for which the McKinley administration stood sponsor.

That idea, that principle, that standard of action, or goal of ambition, as we all know, was political EXPANSION, territorial ACQUISITION, commercial AGGRANDISEMENT, adoption of the tactics of England in India and South Africa, of Russia in Asia, of Spain in the days of its emperors—in one word, IMPERIALISM.

The obsequies that put away from sight the mortal remains of William McKinley, may be said, in no highly strained figurative sense, to have buried also about all that was left of the old ideas of republican simplicity and equality of rights for all and special privileges for none.

M. H.

## Anarchy on the Boulevards.

The following paragraphs are selected from a prominent Chicago daily, showing that sympathy with Anarchy and its teachers is not confined to the saloons and the slums, as is commonly supposed:

On the subject of anarchy it is worth while to inquire: How many of the good people of the United States have aided, encouraged, associated with, entertained and exploited the person known as Prince Kropotkin?

This particular anarchist, or nihilist, was expelled from Russia and later found refuge in France, where, for his connection with a conspiracy involving a dynamite bomb, he was sentenced to prison. Since his liberation he has conducted a dilettante propaganda of anarchism in the parlors and drawing-rooms of such people of wealth and respectability in various enlightened nations as cared to entertain him.

This prince has been in Chicago. How many people who denounced anarchy and the works of anarchy made much of him? How many deluded themselves and others with the idea that there was some new and reasonable philosophy in his teachings? How many closed eyes and ears and consciousness to the fact that his doctrines were the same as those of Spies and Engel and Fisher? How many were beguiled and befooled because he called himself a prince?

Prince Kropotkin, who was made so much of in this city by various respectable people, has the same record in Russia and France that any other destructive anarchist has. He is not tolerated there. Why should he have been tolerated here? Unless the people who entertained him are themselves in sympathy with his ideas, there can be no reason unless it be that he is a prince.

Emma Goldman, John Most and Leon Czolgosz are no more pronounced in their anarchistic creed than is Prince Kropotkin. The people who are proposing to hang everybody who has had conversation or correspondence with these creatures should have a care, for by the same logic they will be compelled to hang a lot of very fine people who have made much of Kropotkin—as bad an egg, anarchistically speaking, as there is in the entire lot.

Prince Peter Alexievitch Kropotkin, who has been much talked of since the attempted assassination of President McKinley because of the claim that it was his teachings that influenced Leon Czolgosz, the would-be assassin, was an honored guest in this city for several days during the month of April. During his stay he met hundreds of men of wealth and learning and gained entrance into several homes of society, besides meeting its representatives at several functions which were arranged in his honor.

At the palatial home of Potter Palmer in the Lake Shore drive the Russian exile was the guest at a private dinner given by Mrs. Palmer, and later on he was the guest of Mrs. Emmons Blaine. Among the men of letters and of business who gave the prince a hearty welcome to the city and who listened intently to the words he had to say in private as well as in public were Dr. W. R. Harper of the University of Chicago, Professor O. L. Triggs, L. E. Laflin, Newton A. Partridge, Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, L. E. Sullivan, E. P. Rosenthal and Clarence S. Darrow.

That some at least of the people named in these paragraphs, knew what they were doing is morally certain. That they fully endorsed the philosophy of Anarchism is not probable but that they were broad-minded enough to hear all sides, and that they could find good in all should shame the men who now go wild with rage against all Anarchists because of the act of one unknown man whose deed shows that he is not an Anarchist. Guiteau was a Chris-

tian; logically such. He believed that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins." To save the nation from its sins he shed the blood of Garfield. Why was there not a crusade against all Christians? M. H.

## Who Are Anarchists?

Among the great dailies of Chicago the "Chronicle" has earned the distinction of treating Anarchy and Anarchists with more fairness, impartiality, honesty and honor than any other. Though using these much abused and much execrated words in their popular, unscientific, unphilosophic and irrational sense the "Chronicle" has earned the gratitude and respect of all fair-minded people by such editorials as the following, which appears in its edition of Sunday, September 22:

Doubtless there are many in the United States who will cordially indorse a plan suggested in Europe for a conference on Anarchism. The idea is to send dangerous Anarchists of all countries to a remote place, probably an island in the Pacific.

At first glance this seems to solve the evil, but serious difficulties arise as to who are Anarchists, and shall every type of Anarchist be expatriated? Rev. John P. Crosser, in addressing the Presbyterian ministers, said that the Anarchy which most threatened the life of the government and its institutions was the Anarchy of the boulevard which bribed legislatures. Shall we include, then, these denizens of the boulevard in making up the lists for the island in the Pacific? And if these, why not those who defy law in evading the payment of legitimate taxes in support of the government? This negative attack on authority is little better than open violence.

And what is to be done with the clergyman who would gladly have taken the law into his own hands and killed the assassin at once? Is this defiance of law to be countenanced? And what of the clergyman who wished the bullet had turned against certain leaders in the Democratic party rather than against the chosen leader of the Republicans?

The mad Chicago enthusiasts, Pearce, Weinland, and Meyers, who would have taken summary vengeance on the Anarchists in custody in the county jail, proved their own spirit of Anarchy. So, too, did the employes of the Heywood & Wakefield Rattan Company when in their righteous indignation they would have hanged the graceless Remlick if the sane John De Roche had not persuaded them to refer the matter to the proper authority.

Rev. John A. Vance thinks Anarchy comes from Russia, and Dr. Gunsaulus would have a wall of protection against human beings with "intellects gnarled and twisted by ages of tyranny" in the old country. The fact is, Anarchy is not confined to any one locality or to any one class of intellects. It is found among the sharply intelligent, who are keen enough to defy law and gain their ends by subverting law, as it is among the most degraded, who are too ignorant to escape the law. It is found on the boulevards and in the slums, among the clergy as among the laity.

In a time like this it is well enough for each one to examine his own temper and conduct of life. It is possible he is guilty of more Anarchy than he is aware.

In its issue of September 24 the "Chronicle" says editorially:

THE "STAMPING OUT" CRAZE.

Among the worthy utterances at the Coliseum Sunday were these by Rev. Thomas E. Cox: "All history witnesses the futility of tyranny to uproot Anarchy or suppress the growth of liberty." "America symbolizes liberty, freedom of speech, freedom of worship and a free press. If a republic cannot foster these and flourish it cannot exist at all."

Such utterances are timely when the air is so full of vague and passionate clamor for the "stamping out" of Anarchy.

They are worthy of the thoughtful attention of those who evidently have no clear idea of how the stamping out is to be accomplished, and still more of those who impulsively invoke Anarchy in one of its manifestations to stamp out Anarchy in another of its manifestations.

To every right-minded person it must be gratifying to know that not all the great dailies of the big cities are joining in the mad dog cry of "Stamp out Anarchy and the Anarchists." M. H.

## Unconditionally Released.

After arresting thirteen men and women without warrant and holding ten of them more than two weeks, denied the right of bail, the Chicago police admitted that they had no evidence against their prisoners, who were therefore unconditionally released. This is a case which should receive cool, calm consideration. If the police had evidence to justify the arrest of these men and women, why was it not forthcoming? Only a few days ago these prisoners were held up to public execration as being such desperate criminals that they could not be trusted out on bail; they were to be extradited and possibly executed for complicity in the murder of McKinley. They and their friends have been hounded by the police and maligned by the public press. And for what? Absolutely no charge was made against them when their cases came up for trial.

Thousands of dollars, probably, have been spent in the effort to obtain evidence against the "Free Society" workers and Emma Goldman. The police had possession of the house of the Isaaks; everything, even to the most private possessions of the prisoners was ransacked, and yet nothing to their discredit could be found. And now the question is, what redress have these people? The "Free Society" workers have lost nearly three weeks' time, and their business has been seriously interfered with. Most of the others, besides losing their time, have lost their situations; Miss Goldman, in addition to losing her time, enduring insults and physical abuse at the hands of the Chicago police, is tried, convicted and condemned in nearly every newspaper in the country, from the metropolitan daily to the cross-roads weekly. Certainly the law offers a recourse to these people. They may bring suits for damages against the city, and for libel against the publishers who have slandered them. But it must be remembered that when city officials are prosecuted they defend themselves with their victims' money—the money with which they defend themselves and carry the cases from court to court is that which we pay in taxes, and even if, after a long and expensive fight, a case is won against these officials, we, the taxpayers, bear the loss. Well may the city officials, from judges and prosecuting attorneys down, exclaim, "Heads, I win; tails, you lose!"

And thus are the Anarchists taught the erroneousness of their views; thus are they taught respect for the administration of the law; thus are they given a practical illustration of the nse it provides the weak against the strong! L. H.

## Somewhat Personal.

A few weeks ago we celebrated Lucifer's "Coming of Age" by a double number and by a brief history of its birth and of the trials and perils attending its infancy, its childhood and youth. Having entered upon its majority—twenty-one years old last month—its paternal guardian is inclined to ask if it is not now about time to let the youngster go it alone for awhile.

Speaking in plainer language, I mean to say that Lucifer's responsible editor and publisher is greatly in need of a vacation, of rest and change such as experience shows he cannot get, or will not take, while in immediate daily contact with the necessary grind of the office.

While claiming similarity in no other way, I am much like the great educator, Horace Mann, as to physical health. In his personal notes he tells us that having in his youth overdrawn his bank account of vital force, he had been, most of his life, "put on his good behavior"; that if he overworked one day he was good for nothing the next. In like manner I may say that owing to early indiscretions, mainly dietetic, I have had gastric and cardiac troubles the greater part of my three-score and eleven years—lacking a few days.

From long experience I have learned that if I do not take a lay off, or make a change in work of some sort, in the spring or early summer I am almost sure to have a spell of nervous prostration more or less pronounced, in August or September. In the eleven years last past I have had the benefit of three sum-

mer vacations, at the command of our paternal Washington government, which vacations, notwithstanding the many serious deprivations—lack of sunshine, lack of open air exercise, lack of proper food and congenial companionship, were probably conducive to longevity by the enforced abstention from mental labor. Out of the remaining eight of these eleven summers I took voluntary vacations during six, and thus escaped serious collapse, leaving two in which the warnings of a life-time were unheeded—that of '98 and that of the first year of the new century. Three years ago my illness was so serious that by the urgent advice of many friends I spent the two following winters and spring, in the south, and received so much benefit therefrom that I became somewhat careless, thinking I could eat, drink, and work as appetite or occasion demanded; the result being that on the morning of August 8, or about six weeks ago, without an hour's warning, my stomach "went on strike;" since which time this very important member of the "home guard" has either refused to do his share of work or has done it so badly that the body physiologic has fallen off from one hundred and forty-five pounds to one hundred and twenty-five, with as yet no indication that the loss of assets is to stop.

Other reasons that need not be named here, induce me to to ask a furlough of indefinite length from active duty on the picket line. My chief object in speaking of this personal matter now is to remind Lucifer's old-time friends, "The Old Guard," if I may be allowed the term, that if the senior editor is to have a furlough the junior, or editor and manager *pro tem*, Lillian Harman, will need active co-operative help from all who would see Lucifer live and grow; from all who believe that the real and permanent cure of the ills that now afflict our race, including assassinations and wars of nations and classes, must come through a better recognition of woman's primal right of control in the realm of reproduction, that is, through freedom of womanhood and motherhood.

This, then, is the chief obstacle in the way of a vacation for the old editor—old in the work but still young in years, since comparative physiology shows us that the normal span of human life is at least one hundred and twenty years, or six times the period of gowth of the body—the fear that the work will suffer in his absence, else that those who remain must be overworked. But lest any reader should infer that this is meant to be a begging appeal for financial aid, so common with editors of reform journals, I close by repeating once more that we ask not for donations but for fraternal, wisely directed co-operation, especially for co-operation such as that of "R. C. C." of Portland, Oregon, who has sent us about one hundred names of new subscribers, with the money, mainly short terms at trial rates. This is by far the best method of extending the educational work of Lucifer, and giving the paper itself a long lease of life.

M. HARMAN.

## VARIOUS VOICES.

J. C., New Glarus, Wisconsin:—You have been much in my thoughts during the past few weeks. I have wondered if the eagerness of the police to catch somebody seemingly connected with the shooting of the president might not possibly make trouble for you as well as the "Free Society" people, but I am glad to know it has not. I cannot give you a name for a new subscriber, but I will send you a dollar just the same.

Mrs. B. B. B., Mich.:—Please send me three copies of No. 883 and one containing the article by Lucetta J. Curtis Your selection from Mr. Tucker's address is just in time for me to send to a friend. To my thought, V. De Cleyre is just right in saying that there is much to live for. The dead love or something that was called love, played its part, filled its mission and died to make room for the next experience in our development

My own. my own will come to me
And good, and good 'twill surely be,
Although a cross it seems to me,
I'll trust and wait 'till the good I see.

Albert P. Lewis, 8 Spring Terrace, Boston:—The head of a great nation, a worthy citizen, defender of the flag and constitution in the dark days of civil war, an old and honored hero of those grand days when character, courage and honesty were of more account than birth or wealth; loved and respected by all, as husband and friend, more than President or successful politician, now lies stricken by the bullet of assassination. The seeds of crime sown by heartless tyrants in the long centuries gone by, have borne fruit, and the innocent, the free ruler of a free people must reap the harvest. It has been the past boast and glory of our republic that its executive could mingle freely with his fellows, as any other citizen, without being hedged about by bayonets and guards, like a criminal in fear of the lynch-mob, or a European tyrant in fear of the avenger. Must we go back to such conditions? Lynch law is getting more popular every day; not in the south alone but in all parts of the country. You hear of threats of lynching. An "Anarchist," murderously honest, shoots the President, and instantly sober, respectable citizens cry, "Lynch him!" and for a moment become as murderously inclined as their victim.

This crime has injured not one man alone—the President, but seventy millions of people who read and hear of the crime. A feeling of wrong and hatred for the assassin and all his class rises in their hearts, and sows the seeds of many future crimes. Virtue, honesty, charitableness and love beget their like; and crime begets crime. You cannot destroy Anarchy by killing the Anarchist. Force has never yet reformed any man. One force creates another, which in turn destroys its creator. Intelligence and kindness are the enemies of life-destroying, force-performing men called Anarchists. Education is the only force capable of wiping Anarchy from the face of the earth.

[Albert P. Lewis, see above, says some very good things—as where he speaks of the current mania for lynching and the inevitable failure of all efforts to reform men by force. But when he commends the soldiers who in 1861 went forth to "defend the flag and the constitution," he probably forgets what the flag and the constitution meant in those days. He forgets that they both stood for the right of the white man to buy and sell and torture and take the person and the unpaid labor of the black woman, the black man and their children. He forgets that every "loyal" citizen of the United States was by the flag and the constitution compelled to support and defend the "fugitive slave law," by which the slave who escaped the clutches of an inhuman master must be returned to those clutches, to be dealt with as the brutal passions, revenge, cruelty and unbridled power might dictate.

In thus saying I have no word of censure for William McKinley and other young men who volunteered to fight for the flag and the constitution. At one time I had my name enrolled for the same purpose. Then, as now, everybody seemed to have lost his head. Hate, revenge, unreasoning anger, made the people of the North feel towards their Southern brethren very much as the great majority today feel towards the men and women called "Anarchists," whether approving or disapproving the act of Leon Czolgosz. Where I then lived the "abolitionist" and "rebel," or "southern sympathiser," were about equally hateful and hated. Neither were safe from mob violence, in person or property.

And thus from age to age history goes on repeating itself. How long, O how long will it be before human beings will cease to enact the wolf and the tiger? M. H.]

## Making Themselves Useful.

With the governor of Mississippi suddenly walking into the state treasury and demanding a count of the cash, and the governor of Arkansas appearing unexpectedly in a state institution to learn whether the people had been getting what they had paid for, it may be inferred that governors may some day be very useful.—*St. Lous Post-Dispatch.*

## A Farewell Reception.

The following account of an interesting social event occurring at the home of Lucifer's old-time friends, Thomas and Tillie Lees, at Cleveland Ohio, was sent us by one of the participants therein. The occasion of this social happening was the near departure for San Jose, California—there to make their future home, of Elizabeth H. Russell, her niece, Celia Snape Hillis and her two children, Ruby and Victor.

Among Lucifer's many and tireless helpers few if any have a better claim to the gratitude and kindly remembrance of its editors and publishers than has Aunt Russell, as she is familiarly called by her very large circle of friends and acquaintances, who will doubtless, one and all, send to her and to her fellow travelers, warmest wishes for success and happiness in their new home on the Pacific coast. Such at least is the earnest and unanimous feeling that goes with them from this office. M. H.

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On Monday evening August 26, a farewell reception, under the auspices of "The Good Samaritan Relief Society," took place at 1021 First Ave. Although an impromptu affair, in the absence of many of the spiritual and liberal friends from the city, at least thirty persons were present to do honor to Mrs. E. H. Russell and her niece, both being old-time workers and earnest defenders of the cause of liberalism in Cleveland. The President of the G. S. R. Society in referring to the object of the meeting, suggested that all formality be dispensed with, and spontaneous remarks from all present be made the order of the evening, and proceeded while on her feet, to pay a loving tribute to the friends about to leave Cleveland perhaps forever.

Following these introductory remarks short addresses were made by Thomas Lees, Cynthia Goodwin, Anna K. Clifford, Mary Smith, Arthur J. King, Chas. L. Watson and others, all speaking in words of earnest praise of the work done in Cleveland during the past thirty years and more by the veteran Spiritualist and Freethinker, Elizabeth H. Russell, now in her eighty-fifth year, and by her niece, Celia Snape Hillis. Short and appreciative responses were made by the recipients of these many kind words. Music and light refreshments were enjoyed and altogether this social gathering was one long to be remembered by all who participated therein.

A supplementary good bye was also tendered the travelers by many friends, when taking the train for California.

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[The above has been in type two weeks or more, side tracked with much other matter. Mrs. Russell writes us that the little party reached its destination in safety, and that they are very comfortably situated at 486 S. Fifth st.. San Jose, California. M. H.]

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## ADDITIONS TO OUR BOOK LIST.

Below are listed books and pamphlets, the majority of which have not heretofore appeared in our lists. We shall continue adding to our lists and stock from time to time and shall be glad to receive orders not only for books which we advertise but for any books procurable anywhere.

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